NEW VICE PRESIDENT.

A VISIT TO GARRET A. HOBART AT HIS NEW JERSEY HOME.

HOW HE LOOKS, ACTS, TALKS.

HIS EXPERIENCES AS A SCHOOL TEACHER AND AS A LAWYER,

He Talks About His Position as Presiding Officer of the Senate-How He Lives at Home-His Wife and Boy-The Latter a Genius.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Faterson, N. J., Jan 30.—I have come from Washington to Paterson to give you me information about the new vice presi



uring centers of the United States. It ha scores of mills and dozens of factories, and it is the great F. G. CARPENTER silkmaking city of

our country. Mr. Hobart has grown with it. Coming here Hobart has grown with it. Coming here comparatively poor, he is said to be now considerably more than a millionaire. He is interested in all the great institutions of the city, and has large investments in rafitonds and other things in New York and elsewhere. He has been noted for years as one of the most eminent lawyers of New Jersey and is one of its shrewdest business men. He does to-day as much business as any man in the state. I first met him in his office in the savings institution of which he is the president. Tin boxes of New Jersey. Mr. Tuttle and my faiher were boy friends. They sat on the same plied on the shelves behind him. Two or three clerks were busy in the rooms ad-

tart, if he has any good stuff in him he is ure to come to the front. In my business want the best educated man every time. field I can get more out of such men." Teaching School for \$1 a Scholar.

"What did you do after you left college, Mr. Hobart?;
"My first work was school teaching,"
was the reply. "The little country school
where I taught was a mile and a half from
my father's house, and I rode there and
sack every day on one of my father's

"How did you like teaching?"
"Very much, but I did not stick at it



GARRET A. HOBART, JR.

came here to Paterson to study law."
"Did your school teaching pay?"
"Yes, it seemed to me that it paid very well. I got \$110 for my three months' teaching. The scholars each paid me \$1 a month, and I had to collect my salary. When I counted up my money at the close I remember I had \$10, and it seemed a lot of money at the time."



MR. AND MRS. GARRET A. HOBART.

joining, ready to answer his call. Two telephone instruments lay upon his desk, and he was rapidly dictating to his stenograther the answers to his morning mail. He dismissed his stenographer as I came in, and for an hour I chatted with him about himself and public matters.

School. My father came to New Jersey to take charge of a school here, and he liked it so well that he sent back for his old friend to came down and teach also. Mr. Tuttle came and taught school for awhile, He then gave up teaching, studied law, and settled down here in Paterson to practice of the control of the charge of a school here, and he liked it so well that he sent back for his old friend to came down and teach also. Mr. Tuttle came and taught school for awhile, and settled down here in Paterson to practice. How the Vice President Looks,

How the Vice President Looks,

But, before I give you the interview, let me tell you how the new vice president looks. He is, I judge, about five feet eight inches high, and he weighs in the neighborhood of 160 pounds. He has a round, full face, a broad, high forehead, the brown hair above which is fast growing thin. He has bright blue eyes, a rosy complexion, and a rather purnacious mustache shows out over his determined mouth. He is now about 52 years of age, but is the personification of physical and mental vigor. He has full control of himself, does not get bothered and does his work easily and rapidly. He talks easily, too. He is a mun of ideas, and, unlike many public mer, he is not afraid to say what he thinks. He is entirely unassuming in his manner, and I don't believe there is a snobbish hair in his head. One of the first questions I asked him was as to his ancestors. He replied that his life had been too busy to pay much attention to such things, but he believed that the Hobarts originally came from Hingham, England.

"But where is Hingham, Mr. Hobart?" I asked. "In what part of England?"

"But where is Hingham, Mr. Hobart?"
I asked. "In what purt of England?"
"I really don't know," was the reply.
"Well, then, how about the family in this country?" said I.
"Chesters." country?" said I.
"Oh, as to the United States, I can trace
my ancestors back to my great-greatgrandfather, and, with little trouble, I sup-

Should Business Men Be College Bred?

"Mr. Hobart," said I. "you are a college bred man. You ere also a successful business man. Now I want to know whether you think your college education had much to do with your success."

"I don't know whether it had or not," replied the vice president. "I have no doubt it had something to do with it, but the trouble with my education was that I was sent to college too soon. I entered the sophomore class when I was mick to learn as a boy. I had such a memory that I could commit anything for a day or for a month. This stood me well in my examinations, but I forgot almost as easily as I learned. As it is now it seems to me that I have forgotten all of my studies, and I think it would have been much better if I had been held back."

"At what age should a young man enter college."

"I don't think he should be allowed to Should Business Men Be College Bred?

fe then gave up teaching, studied law, and settled down here in Paterson to practice. His friendship with my father, however, continued, and he was already a swyer of quite a large practice at the lime I was about to be born. Just about his time he was visiting my father, and he two in discussing the coming event of my birth agreed that if I should be a boy should go into his office as a law student as soon as I finished school and should contually perhaps become his partner. Well, this was what actually happened, and it was on account of his ante-mail scritter that I left my school teaching for the law."

the law." Do you remember your first law case, Hobart?" Mr. Hebert?"

"I can't say that I do," was the reply.
"I studied law three years before I was admitted to the bar, and in my connection with Mr. Tuttle I was given work to do almost from the start. During my first year I made about \$1,800, the second year I did much better, and my business increased as long as I practiced."
"But you are not practicing now are But you are not practicing now, are

you?" No; I have so much other business to do that I cannot. I am interested in many institutions and corporations, and I devote my time to them."

Does the Law Pay?

"What do you think of the law as a field for young men?"
I' think it is a good one. There will always be courts and always be law busi-

always be courts and always be law business."

"But is it as good as it was twenty years ago?"

"No, not in many respects. The law business of to-day, like all other businesses, is divided up into branches and specialties. There are real estates lawyers, criminal lawyers, corporation lawyers, etc. A man becomes noted for one thing and gets his business along that line. The chances for the general practitioner are not nearly so good as they were in the past."

"Your work has been largely that of a corporation lawyer."

"Yes, very largely so."

"I suppose that the pay in such cases comes largely from the stock given in the corporations organized?"

"No, it is a legitimate business. The fees are direct."

Advice to Young Men.

"Mr. Hobart," said I, "you are a successful man. You have made what is considered a large fortune, and you have attained to what is next to the highest position in the United States. Can't you give me some advice for the young men of today. What should a young man do to succeed?"

the vice president. "Success is not hard to attain. I believe that any young man can succeed if he will rigidly observe two rules. One is to be at all times strictly honest and the other is to be industrious and economical."

"But, after all, Mr. Hobart, are not great money makers born rather than made."

great money makers born rather than made?"

"Yes, that is to some extent so," was the reply. "Still, it is easy to see how many men fail. They seatter their energies and their investments. Because a thing does not turn out as well as they thought it would within two or three months, they give it up. They have not faith in their own judgment. They don't keep at it and make their licks tell. As for me, success has not been difficult. I have never known what is was to be hard up for money, nor have I tried to make money by any cheese-paring economy. There is one principle, however, that I have stuck to, and that is to spend less than I made. I did this when I began my work and I do it to-day."

"Yes, I have always done so. I mean of whet I have made. I do not in the story."

"Yes, I have always done so. I mean of what I have made. I do not keep very careful accounts of what I spend. I have still the book of my first receipts as a

making to-day? Are they as good as they were when you started life?"

"I think they are." replied the vice president. "We are on the edge of great changes in many lines. Look at the electrical possibilities of to-day. What a field there is in electricity for fortune making in the future. There is no telling what it will not accomplish or what changes it may not make." may not make."
"But how about corporations and aggregations of capital, Mr. Hobart? Don't they make it impossible for a poor man to climb

of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow. Fortunes are accumulating and disintegrating all the time. There are thousands of men making fortunes to-day. There are thousands who will lose them to-morrow, It is brains and work that tell. It has always been so and it will always be so."
"Then you don't think we will ever have a party of the rich and a party of the poor in this country?" "No; I do not."

Anarchy and the Anarchists.

Anarchy and the Anarchists.

"How about Paterson? This is a great manufacturing place. You must have many poor people here?"

"We have some."

"Have you any anarchists?"

"Yes, we have some of them, too. They are to be found among the rrench dyers employed in the silk mills. You see this town is the Lyons of America. We make here, I venture, \$50,000,000 worth of silk a year. The raw silk is imported from China and Japan, and these men dye it to increase its weight and color. It may surprise you that a good deal of the weight of silk comes from the dye. The finest of the black silks are more than half dye. Well, these dyers are in a certain sense skilled laborers, but not those possessing the highest skill. There are some anarchists among them, but the proportion in comparison with the number of laborers we have is not large."

"Do you apprehend any trouble in the feture from snarchists?"

"There may be trouble, but I think the sober sense of the American people will

feture from anarchists?"
"There may be trouble, but I think the sober sense of the American people will always predominate. Only the smallest preportion of our great wealth is held by millionaires. Our people are all capitalists in a small way. The moment a man has a little money ahead he becomes a capitalist, and the number of such men increases every year." Savings Banks and the Hard Times.

Savings Banks and the Hard Times.

"Yes, I suppose you have some evidence of that in your savings bank here?"

"Yes, we have." was the reply, "Our deposits here amount to more than \$5,600,000, and we have more than \$1,000 depositors. It is among such men that a great part of the capital of this country is held, and the hard times which we have been having have largely come from these people withdrawing their money from circulation on account of the uncertainty as to the money standard. Our withdrawals began here just after the conventions. The people got the idea that savings banks were not safe, and they quietly began to take away their money. They pretended it was only for their expenses, but if was really because they were afraid. Why, we had withdraw-als here at the rate of \$5,600 a day right along from the time of the convention up to the election. It was only after McKinley was elected that they began to bring the money back, and now our deposits are just about equal to our drafts."

The Times Improving.

"How about the times; are they really they are undoubtedly improving." "Yes, they are undoubtedly improving," rplied the vice president. "Money is coming back into the New York banks at the rate of \$10,000,000 a week. Within the past eleven weeks \$110,000,000 nave been deposited. You could never borrow money so cheaply as you can now, provided you have good security. Why, you can get it in New York new for 2½ per cent a year. It is true the bankers will not lend it at that to the West, for they fear the danger of repudiation. New York capital is now very distrustful of the West."

"Will the improvement continue?" I asked.

asked "I think so, without a doubt," replied Mr. Hobart. "With the inauguration of a new tariff law which will be passed and with the making of the duties on goods specific and not ad valorem the times will grow much better, and I believe that we are about to enter upon an era of great prosperity."

Not Afraid of the Senate.

"How do you look upon your work at Washington, Mr. Hobart?" Do you apprehend any trouble in filling the duties of a vice president?" nend any trouble in filling the duties of a vice president?"
"I see no reason to fear," replied the vice president-elect. "I don't think the position is a difficult one to fill. You see, I have had some experience. I was speaker of the New Jersey legislature for two terms and after that president of the sentate. I apprehend that the work of presiding over the United States senate will not be much more difficult than that of presiding over the New Jersey legislature." "You have been in politics more or less all your life, have you not, Mr. Hobart?" "Yes," was the reply, "but not in the sense of being in it as a business. Politics has always been a side issue with me. My has always been a side issue with me. My pertner, Mr. Tuttle, was an old politician and was close in the councils of the party, and this threw me in politics as a young nan, and I have never gotten out. man, and I have never gotten out, I was elected prosecuting attorney when I was quite young. I was the youngest member of the legislature at the time of my first election, and I have had more or less to do with aiding in the management of the perty for years. I have long been a member of the national committee and have always done my part in politics."

Politics for Young Men. "Do you think a young man ought to take part in politics?"

"I believe that every American citizen should do so. The salvation of our country, in fact, rests upon our young men. They should take part in all elections and especially should they attend the primaries. It is there that the chief chances for fraud are, and the more we pay attention to the minor elections the purer will our politics be."

"Aside from the duty of every man to

politics be."

"Aside from the duty of every man to take part in politics, Mr. Hobart, do you think it pays?"

"Yes, I do," redlied the vice president-elect. "It gives a man new acquaintances and brings him into contact with business men and with those upon whom he has to depend for his living. It identifies him with the community in which he lives and it is in all ways a good thing."

The Troubles of a Vice President

It is in all ways a good thing."

The Troubics of a Vice President.

I asked Mr. Hobart something as to the changes brought about in his life by his nomination for the vice presidency. The chief one is in the increase in his correspondence. He now gets more than a hundred letters a day, outside of his regular business channels, and fully fifty of these are from people who want charity. There are churches all over the country who write for contributions. Yesterday a minister wrote for money for a new suit of clothes, in order that he might attend a conference meeting respectably. The trustee of a church in Indiana asked for \$250 to pay the arrears of a minister's salary, and put the postscript at the end of his letter stating that the church still owes \$1.900, on its building, and that the Lord will reward Mr. Hobart if he will send a check for this at the same time. There are lots of letters which come from young ladies. Some want new dresses, others want money to send them to school, and a New Orleans girl writes to the extent of thirty pages, asking that she be sent \$10.000 to be used in completing her musical education, and requesting that Mrs. Hobart telegraph her at once how soon she can have the money. Then there are letters from voters who have mortgages which they want lifted, and, queerest of all, there came to-day a pathetic appeal from a girl in the country for \$5, to be used to buy her a set of false teeth. She writes that she has three sisters. and that they all have false teeth, and that she needs the same in order that she may appear as well as her sisters. Then there are from seven to eight letters every day announcing the hirths of the finest habies of the United States, each of which has been named Garret A. Hobart, and the owners of which each expect a present by return mail. One of the funity of these has jury been re-The Troubles of a Vice President. States, each of which has been named Garret A. Hobart, and the owners of which
each expect a present by return mail. One
of the funniest of these has just been recelved. It is signed by the man and his
wife, and states that they are so poor that
they can hardly support themselves. Nevertheless a few days ago the Lord added to
their responsibilities by sending them
twins. One of these has been named Willliam McKiniey and the other Garret A.
Hobart. The couple request that a twin
haby carriage be sent them at once, and
they close their letter with the pathetic
postscript: "We ask this especially as we
did not expect twins."

did not expect twins.

The trouble with my education was that I was suit to college too soon. I cuttered the sophomore chas when I was that I could commit anything for a day or for a month. This stood me well in two examinations, but I forgot almost us easily as I learned. As it is now it seems to me that I have forgotten all of my studies, and I have forgotten for a day or for a month of my first receipts as a lawyer."

To deal with his such that age states of the state for the worry and I do not bother my.

To don't think he should be allowed to be state for power which naturally fall to other men. I have one principle which I have about things which naturally fall to other men. I have one principle which I can be the worred that the wor

museum, embracing the collections of the vice president and his family during their European travels. Still, with all this, everything is so tastefully arranged that the house is a comfortable home, and, unlike many rich men's houses, it does not seem too nice to live in. This is chiefly due to Mrs. Hobart, who, by the way, will be an important part of the vice presidential family during the next four years. She was, you know, the daughter of Socrates Tuttle, the man with whom Mr. Hobart studied law, and with whom he afterwards went into partnership. Mrs. Hobart and her husband were acquainted with each other before they reached their teens. They have been married for a score of years, and their relations are as close today as they were during the honeymoon. They are both fond of society, and Mrs. Hobart is well fitted to take the place which, owing to the delicate health of Mrs. McKinley, she will probably have of being the leading lady of the coming administration.

Garret A. Hobart, Jr.

There is only one other member of the Hobart family, and he is by all odds too important a member for me to leave out of this letter. I refer to the little boy who is the only child that Mr. Hobart now has. His daughter, a beautiful girl of 20, died in Italy about two years ago. The boy's name is Garret A. Hobart, Jr., but his father and mother call him Junior for short, Junior is just 12 years old. He is a bright little fellow, with a decided taste for mechanics and what might be called almost a craze for electrical work. He has a little electrical laboratory in the top of the house, and with a boy friend he has established a partnership for the putting up and repairing of electric bells, electric lights and matters of that kind. I don't think his father much likes his doing any such work outside of the family, but the boy, you know, is an only child, and that makes a difference. He really does wonderful work in electricity. He has put up him shoratory and showed me the different electrical machines which he had there. He has a half-horse power electric motor which runs his machinery and he carries can his boyish experiments. There are five different lights in machines of his electric battery and stevery nerve in the put up himself, and these range in size from a little incandescent globe of two-candle power up to a large 150-candle power. After I had admired these he induced me to take hold of the two handles of his electric battery and set every nerve in my body to quivering until I persuaded him to turn off the current. He showed me some transparencies which he made to be lighted in honor of McKilney's election, and upon leaving handed me a couple of his business cards for my friends.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

RACE OF MEN WITH TAILS. Garret A. Hobart, Jr.

RACE OF MEN WITH TAILS. Discovery of a French Traveler in a

Forest in Indo-China.

From L'Anthropolgie. Paul d'Enjoy, a French anthropologist, tells about a race of men with tails which he has reason to believe exists, or has existed within recent times, in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. While exploring the forest in that part of French Annam lying between latitude II deg. and 12 deg. north, and longitude 104 deg. and 106 deg. east, the Frenchman came upon an old savage who was first seen up a tree gathering honey. When the savage saw the European party approaching he hastened down the tree by seizing the bark with his prehensile feet and the limbs with his hands, so that at first sight he was taken for a monkey. M. d'Enjoy surrounded the savage with a ring of coolies, and the prisoner vainly endeavored to escape by butting his captive, a long tunnel in a great heap of dead leaves. Others of the tribe occupying the tunnel flew at the approach of the strangers, leaving behind in their strange house a few polished stones, bamboo pipes, copper bracelets and pearl necklaces. These articles M. d'Enjoy believes to have been obtained by the savages from the Annamites, with whom the former carry on an irregular trade.

The captive is described by the Frenchin that part of French Annam lying be-

rregular trade.
The captive is described by the French-The captive is described by the Frenchman as having a well-marked caudai appendage and ankle bones with processes that suggested a cock's spurs. The savage managed to say by the aid of the Annamites of the expedition, who were astonished at his tail and called him a monkey, that according to tradition all of the tribe once had tails, and that through intermarriage with tailless neighbors most members of the tribe are now also tailless.

This was about all that was learned from the savage, for soon after he was captured he poisoned one of the coolles and escaped, and it was necessary to hurry out of the forest in order to save the coolle's life. M. d'Enjoy, however, is almost willing to believe that the ancestors of his temporary captive really had tails, and were midway between savage man and the ape. The tribe is known by manny names in the several languages of its more desilized within

perween savage man and the ape. The tribe is known by many names in the several languages of its more civilized neighbors, and is hated by all as a race of brutsh savagery. The tribe is called Moi by the Annamites and some Annamite neighbors of the Moi, subjects of France, are noted as having recompile feet represent noted as having prehensile feet, perhaps from intermarriage with the Moi. The Chi-nese call these Annamites of the prehensile feet Giao Chi, which means "detached great toe." M. d'Enjoy has reason to reject the clas-

M. d'Enjoy has reason to reject the classification of the Moi as an offshoot of the Dyaks, a classification made by a French anthropologist, after an examination of Moi skulls. These skulls, M. d'Enjoy believes, could have been those of only the partly civilized Moi of mixed blood. The skull of the Moi, if pure blood, would he thinks, tell a different tale.

The Moi now occupy a forest area of Indo-China, though M. d'Enjoy believes that they once occupied the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula. They are exceedingly shy of strangers, and, if closely pursued, they defend themselves with poisoned arrows shot with unerring aim. A wound from one of these arrows is almost sure death. Besides this, the miasmas of the region they inhabit are especially dangerous to unneclimated traveless. It is the half to the collection of the section of the strangers. sides this, the miasmas of the region they inhabit are especially dangerous to unacclimated travelers. It is the habit of the more civilized neighbors of the Moi to slay them at every chance, much as the Apaches are slain in Mexico by any runcher that falls in with them. M. d'Enjoy believes that if the mystery of the Moi is not soon penetrated the whole tribe may be destroyed before anything further can be learned of them and their possible tails.

ON FACIAL EXPRESSION. Not a Safe Guide to the Condition of One's Feelings.

From the London Lady.

The longer one lives the more convinced one becomes that the expression of the face is not, as a general rule, a safe guide to the thoughts or to the condition of feel-

one becomes that the expression of the face is not, as a general rule, a safe guide to the thoughts or to the condition of feeling prevailing at the moment. The habitual state of the mind does, of course, impress itself permanently on the counterance. Do we not all know the gloomy, downward lines that mark the pessimist and the peevish woman, the dear little wrinkles round the eyes of the cheery soul who is always breaking into smiles, the thick eyebrows, ruffled at their starting point, that indicate jealousy, and the deep double lines between the brows of the had tempered man? Provided we be sufficiently "up" in the science of physiogomy to distinguish, for instance, between the signs of temper and fineness of will (for indeed many of these facial indications resemble each other closely, while signifying totally different attributes), we can form a fair estimate of the disposition of a friend or acquaintance; but when we come to the mood of the moment, our conclusions, basel on evidence which is misleading, are usually quite erroneous.

Some people-poor things!—have faces that are gifted with but little mobility; they are commonly said to have "very little expression;" and whereas they may be full of tender sympathy for some one's sorrow or anxiety, they merely succeed in looking dull, whereupon the person who was confiding in them goes away with the impression that they were bored with her and her troubles! Others, who are naturally vivacious and sensitive, alternate quickly between smiles and frowns, either of which may be taken to mean more than it actually does. We ought to judge others by their deeds principally; by their words to a certain extent; by their looks last of all. Who among us has not smarted secretly under the accusation of having "looked cross," or "haughty," or "disagreeable," when she was merely concealing some sorrow—and flattering herself that she was doing it very well—swallowing a mortification, or only bearing a very bad headache? Again, many women are cold in manner because they are

You May Rend at Breakfast.

From the Boston Globe.

At breakfast everyone is allowed to read letters and papers unmolested, but at dinner it is only the careless, ill-bred man or woman who peruses his or her evening's mall and rustles the sheets of a last edi-

REAR ADMIRAL ERBEN TELLS THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON

The Stirring Incidents of the Great Naval Attack Graphically Described by a Participant-War on the Blockade Runners.

From the New York Herald.

Rear Admiral Bunce, it is reported, is unarrive to the control of the

have already told. The others, though severely shattered, were repaired from time to time and did service at Fort Fisher.

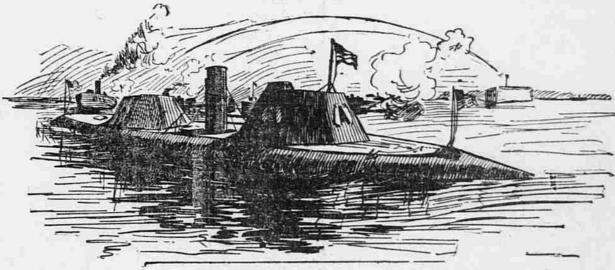
HENRY ERBEN,

BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON. Proposed Naval Demonstration Both Interesting and Useful. From the New York World,

Nothing could be more interesting in the way of object study than the proposed blockade of Charleston harbor by a part of Admiral Bunce's fleet against the other ships acting as blockade-runners.

ships acting as blockade-runners.

For there was an actual and prolonged blockade of Charleston harbor about thirty years ago. It was as close a blockade, perhaps, as was ever established by a naval force alone, and the ships that sought to "run" it were the fleetest them in existence, and were commanded by the most adventurous officers of the most expert scafaring varion of the world.



THE IRONCLAD "KEOKUK" LEADING THE ATTACK AT THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, 1863

Drayton; the Montauk, Captain John L. up to the fort, passing us on our port side. Worden; the Nahant, Commander John It was a splendid sight. I remember saying Downes: the Nantucket, Commander D. M. to Lieutenant Hamilton, who was standairfax; the Catski Commander Georg

Some weeks were spent drilling the men at the guns, handling the heavy ammunition and handling the vessels themselves, as they were most difficult to the inexperienced seamen to steer. Extra plates were bolted on over the shell rooms and magazines, spars made ready to be rigged, and with hook ropes to catch torpedoes—in fact, everything was done that ingenuity could suggest to make these vessels as invulnerable as possible.

The first fleet left Port Royal for Charleston, S. C., crossing the bar on April 8, 1883. Off the bar the fleet was joined by the ironclad frigate, New Ironsides, Captain Thomas Turner. She was a most formidable vessel, carrying a heavy battery of fourteen 11-inch guns and two heavy rifles, drawing about sixteen feet at the time. She became the flagship of Rear Admiral Samuel F. Dupont, commanding the forces. Captain C. R. P. Rodgers was his fleet captain.

The final making ready for battle occu-

Samuel F. Dupont, commanding the forces. Captain C. R. P. Rodgers was his fleet captain.

The final making ready for battle occupled the rest of the day. The vessels were stripped of all about decks, boat davits included, only one small boat being retained by each vessel. The finishing touch, and the last thing done, was to cover the decks, turrets and pilot houses with a thick coating of tallow, for the purpose of glancing the shot, barrels of this having been furnished each vessel. Such a nasty mess was never seen before on a man-of-war, and it is a question if it was of any use.

There were sent down from the North a number of heavy rafts, built of oak timbers heavily bolted together, about fifty feet long by twenty feet wide and two feet thick, fitted so as to take the bows of the monitors (the men called them the bootjacks), having a number of hook ropes underneath, to catch any torpedoes coming in the way. These were to be lashed to the bows by chains. Only one vessel, the Weehawken, took one into action, as they caused bad or worse steering. The order of battle was line ahead,the Weehawken leading, the flagshly New Ironsides being in the middle and the Keokuk in the rear, The Signal Given.

At 12:30 the signal was made to get under way, to pass up the main ship channel and open fire when within easy range. It was soon found that the raft impeded the speed of the Weehawken to such a degree that Captain Rodgers cut it adrift and it floated toward the shore of Morris Island. It did some little service, however, as the Confederates, taking it for some Yankee infernal machine, opened fire upon it for a time, thus taking a few guns off the fleet.

Slowly the fleet proceeded, as it was most difficult to handle the vessels among these narrow passages, with strong, uncertain currents, with no leadsman to give the soundings, with no compass to guide. The sides on dark nights, but the ship was in state of the currents, with no leadsman to give the soundings, with no compass to guide. The only think we find to depend upon was the soundings, with no compass to guide. The only think we find to depend upon was the soundings, with no compass to guide. The only think we find to depend upon was the was impossible after a few minutes of the battle to see anything ahead at times, as a range, for the smoke became so dense. The which were them up to some small times, as a fange, for the smoke became so dense. The which were them up to some small times, as a farge, for the smoke became so dense. The which were them up to some small times, as a farge, for the smoke became so dense. The complete which were them the same trained at battery firing upon this point. The minute the Weehawken reserved. The great at that moment. The minute the Weehawken restrict, as the strength of th

Fairfax; the Catskill. Commander George W. Rodgers, and the Patapseco, Commander Daniel Ammen, of which I was lieutenant commander and executive officer. There was also the Keokuk, a nondescript two-turreted ironclad, Commander A. C. Rhind.

Equipment.

These vessels carried mostly two 15-inch guns each, with a complement of 150 souls. Some weeks were spent drilling the men at the guns, handling the heavy ammunition and handling the vessels themselves, as they were most difficult to the inexperienced seamen to steer. Extra plates were spent drilling the western of the inexperienced seamen to steer. Extra plates were spent drilling the western of the inexperienced seamen to steer. Extra plates were went of the content ing by me at the moment

went down.

By 7 o'clock in the evening of April 7 our fleet had been anchored, and the first attack upon Charleston's defenses ended in

failure. Other attacks were made, when the iron-clad fleet had been greatly reinforced, and Admiral Dahlgren commanded, but Sumter held out, and was apparently stronger than

held out, and was apparently stronger than at the commencement of the slege.

When it was found it was impossible to drive the enemy out by shot and shell, it was determined to try boarding—good, eld-time boarding, with cuttass and pistol. This expedition was quietly gotten ready, and, as we supposed, without the knowledge of the enemy. Between 400 and 500 blue jackets and marines, carried up in ships' launches and cutters, made up the attacking party. Commander Thomas H. Stevens commanded. All were volunteers from the ships.

At 10 o'clock on a dark September night the party started in tow of a tug. We had no steam launches then. At a certain distance from the walls of Fort Sumter the tug dropped the boats and the men took to tug dropped the boats and the men took to their muffled oars to dash against the enemy, expecting to take them by surprise. A plan of attack had been arranged. The boats were to keep together as close as possible and in some kind of order, but this was found to be impossible, as each boat would steal ahead of the others. They were like race horses before the start. Stevens could not control them, so he gave the order to advance.

The enemy knew of the coming of the expedition and were well prepared to meet.

The chemy knew of the coming of the expedition and were well prepared to meet it with hand grenades, lighted shells and a heavy fire of musketry. Many of the boats got to the fort, but found it impossible to effect a landing. Then the recall was sounded and what was left of the boats and crews hauled off. The expedition lost in killed and wounded 149 men.

The Confederates had built at Charleston two very respectable imposing to Arreston. two very respectable ironclads to drive off the blockaders.

two very respectable ironclads to drive on the blockaders.
Only one attempt at this was made, on January 31, 1862. It was not successful, though several of our vessels were badly injured. They also built boats to operate spar torpedoes called "Davids," and another kind called the fish torpedoes. Several of these were sent against the New Ironsides on dark nights, but the ship was in such magnificent discipline and readiness that every attempt but one failed. This time the boat got alongside, discharging a torpedo, which did considerable damage. The torpedo boat filled with water thrown up by the explosion. The crew jumped overboard. One man remained in the boat baled the water out, got up steam and made his way hack to town. The others were captured, after floating about in the harbor half the night.

The fish torpedo was a small craft with compressed air tanks and without steam, propelled by hand. It carried a fin so arranged that by throwing it up the boat was made to dive, dragging a floating torpedo after her.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

A Sleen Song

O reddening lips that prophesy
Of flowerful meads and burning days,
Behold! a weary singer lays
His lyre and faded chaplets by;
Foreseeing how the dark must fall,
And apprehending death in all.

"Alas!" (And surely I can tell'
How, in the dusk, bright eyesgrow dim!)
"The wine is savoriess to him
Who nears that hoary citadel.
Looming above the waters deep
That circle round its towers of sleep,"

And as ye falter in the dance, And hush awhile the rapturous strain; Enamored of the poet's pain, Or, saddened by his tears, perchance! I watch the gath'ring night draw on Like a low-plaining Haleyon.

O flawless purple of the glade And crocus-gold I shall not see! At last life's subtle mystery I read and ponder, unafraid.

To sing is well, till all be guessed;

And then to sleep—for sleep is best,

—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Was Used to It.

"Darling," said she, "do you love me as much as ever?"
"Yes, dearte," he said, with his nose bur-ied in his newspaper.
That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask "Why?" "Oh, I dunno. Habit, I guess."-Cincin-nati Enquirer.

His Point of View.

Grogan-"Did you notice what a pretty face that girl in the chorus had? I mean the one next to the last on the right hand side."
Nidnad-"Oh, you mean the girl with the light pink tights? No. I didn't notice her face."—Boston Transcript.

Saving Him Worry.

"See here, young man," said the stern father, "If you don't come home earlier after this, I'll know the reason why."
"Glad to hear it, governor; that will save all explanations on my part."—Detroit Free Press.

No Room for Argument.

"Those people next door are still in their honeymoon."
"Do you think so?"
"Yes; he goes shopping with her."-Chi-cago Record.

"Does your wife worry about burglars?"
"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton.
"I wonder what she'd say if she found one in the house?"
"I don't know; but I have an idea she'd ask him how he dared come in the house without wiping his shoes on the mat."—Washington Star.

Keen Competition.